

Vol. IV.

AUGUST

No. 8.



THE YOUNG GASSEL

An Illustrated Magazine for the Young

EDITED BY

Mrs. H. E. G. Arey.

30 Cents a Year

BUFFALO:

Published by E. F. Beadle,

No. 199 Main Street

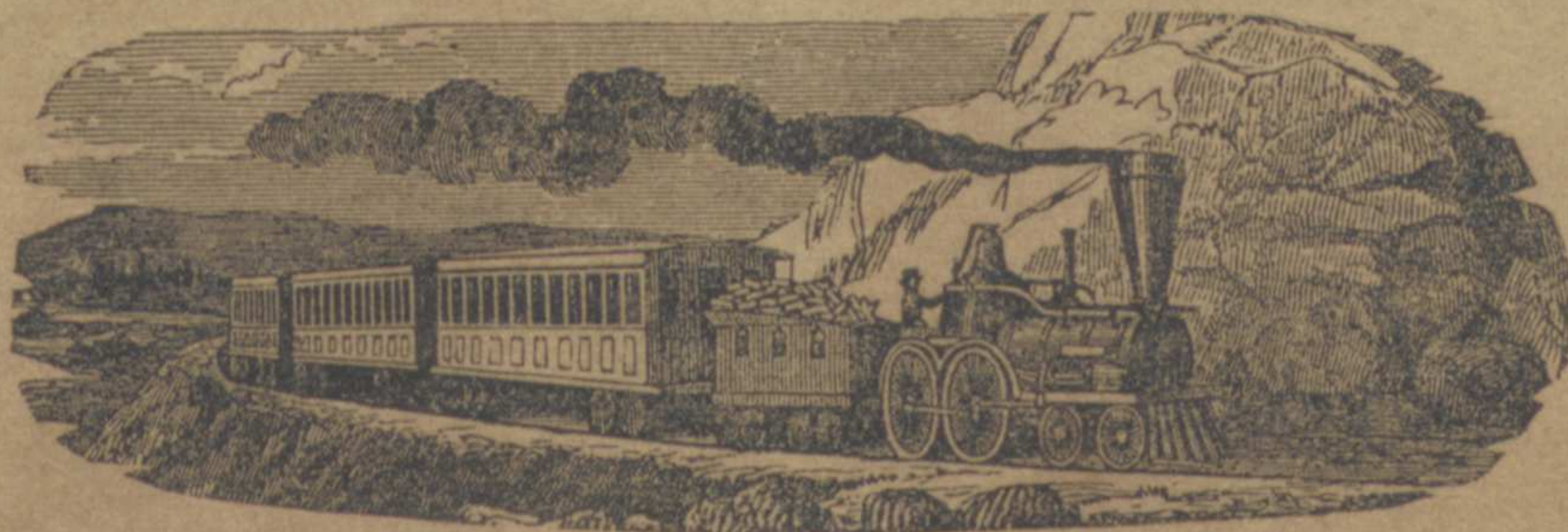
1855.



Single Numbers 6 Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852 by BEADLE & VANDUZEE, in the District Court of New York.

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE AND MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R. LINE.



BUFFALO TO DETROIT AND CHICAGO,
Milwaukee, Kenosha, Racine, Waukegan, St. Louis,
AND ALL IMPORTANT POINTS WEST.

THE FOLLOWING

FIRST CLASS STEAMERS

Form the Line between BUFFALO & DETROIT:

WESTERN WORLD,

L. H. COLTON, Commander,

Leaves BUFFALO every MONDAY and THURSDAY Evenings.

PLYMOUTH ROCK,

J. H. BARKER, Commander,

Leaves Buffalo every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Evenings.

BUCKEYE STATE,

S. C. ANDREWS, Commander,

Leaves BUFFALO every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY Evenings.

One of the above Steamers will leave the Michigan Central Railroad Dock, foot of Erie St., Buffalo, (Sundays excepted) at 9 o'clock P. M., or immediately after the arrival of the Express Trains from the East.

Direct through to Detroit via North Shore, without landing, reaching Detroit next day in time to connect with the Lightning Express Train over the Michigan Central Railroad.

For transportation of Freight of all kinds, this line possesses unusual facilities, and for promptness and despatch cannot be excelled. The Boats for freight capacity are not equaled on inland waters. All packages marked to the care of C. L. SEYMOUR, Freight Agent, Buffalo, will be forwarded the same day that they are received. Mark packages, plainly, Care of "C. L. SEYMOUR, Freight Agent, Buffalo." Trains leave Detroit as follows:

1st—EXPRESS, - - At 7 o'clock A. M.	3d—EXPRESS, - - - - - 5.00 P. M.
2d, " - - - - - 9.30 A. M.	4th, " - - - - - 9.30 P. M.

Through Tickets can be obtained at all the principal Railroad and Steamboat Offices East; at the Office on board the Steamers, and at the Office of the Michigan Central Railroad Line, foot of Erie Street, Buffalo.

CHARLES E. NOBLE, Gen'l Agt.

WM. P. DOWNER, Gen'l East'n Trav'g Agt.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

♍



MILLER, MIX, SC. RICH

AUGUST—SUN ENTERS VIRGO ♍ THE VIRGIN.

AUGUST.

EIGHTH MONTH—HATH HIRTY-ONE DAYS.

AUGUST is so named from the Roman Emperor Augustus. The Saxons called it *Arn Monat*, for Arn is their word for harvest. The time has now come for gathering those good gifts, which have been bestowed upon us through the kindness of a bountiful Providence. The wheat fields are ready for the sickle, and the early fruits are yielding their delightful flavor. It is also often the season of much sickness, not only because of the extreme heat with which we are visited, but also in many cases because we do not use with temperance the delicious fruits which God has given us. With children particularly, it is sometimes difficult to exercise wisdom in this respect. We should always remember when we are tempted to over-indulgence, by the beauty of the ruddy cherry or the delicious peach, that every such act of over indulgence will rob us in some future time of the same pleasure which we are not now contented to enjoy temperately.

CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD FOR
AUGUST.

August 2, 1811. A vessel arrived from Sierre Leone, entirely commanded and manned by Negroes.

August 3, 1811. Eight newspapers suppressed in Paris.

August 10, 1826. A fine display of meteors in the atmosphere about London.

August 12, 1810. At St. Michaels, one of the Azore Islands, a village was destroyed by an earthquake. It sunk, and a lake of boiling water appeared in its place.

August 12, 1799. Skeleton of a mammoth discovered on the borders of the frozen ocean.

IGNORANCE VS. KNOWLEDGE.—Ignorance pays such a tax that we can't imagine how any body can afford to be a blockhead. McCracken works for a dollar a day, while Spring, his neighbor, commands twenty shillings. A wide difference, and all caused by Spring's knowing how to read, write and cipher. From these figures it will be seen that McCracken's want of knowledge costs him four hundred dollars a year; which shows that ignorance costs him more than his wife and children, house-rent inclusive.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

EFFECT OF WAR.—“Seven years' fighting,” says Jeremy Taylor, “sets a whole kingdom back in learning and virtue to which they were creeping, it may be, a whole age.”

NELLIE WILSON.

UP the front steps, two at a time, with her sun-bonnet in her hand went NELLIE WILSON—her cheeks dimpled with smiles and her left hand grasping tight the little ticket of good behavior, that she carried home from school every night. But the dimples faded out from her cheeks as she reached the top step, and looked in at the open door and through the hall, wondering why she did not meet the customary welcome. She had thrown off her sun-bonnet on purpose for the usual kiss, and her ears were wide open to hear the “dear little daughter” that always accompanied it from her mother’s lips. For Nellie Wilson was an only child, and much beloved, and there was not a day since she went to school that her mother had not left her work at the parlor-window, and come to meet her at the threshold. Where could she be now? There was no one in the front hall—there was no one in the parlor, and everything looked in confusion. She went up to her mother’s room, but a strange, dark-looking woman put her out of the dim chamber, saying under her breath, “No, no, child, you can’t come in here.” “I want to see my mamma,” burst out Nellie, with her heart swelling into her throat, and the tears brimming over from her great blue eyes. But now another lady came hastily out of the chamber, saying “hush, hush—you will kill her if you make a noise.” This frightened Nellie so that she only burst out with a more passionate fit of weeping, “Where is my mamma? I want to see my mamma.” “Hush” said the lady, drawing her away from the chamber. “Where are the servants?” “O, they are busy with the body, I dare say. Somebody must take care of her. Poor little thing. I will take her over to our house until she can be told, and be back again in a moment to help you with Mrs. Wilson.”

Dreadful! What could it be? A thousand fears were thronging through the child’s brain, but she could only sob in her frightened way, “Where is my mamma? I want my mamma.” And the lady only said in a hurried, absent murmur, “Your mamma is sick now, my child;” and in a moment more she was left with Mrs. Ward’s cook, with the charge to take good care of her till she returned. And Nellie could only sit by the window and sob, and wonder what had happened. Alas! the information came too soon. Nellie’s father had been drowned by the upsetting of a skiff; and the

man who was sent to warn her mother of her sad loss, mistook the direction, and could not find the house. So it happened that her husband was brought in with the fearful, drowned look upon his face, before any news of the accident had reached her. No wonder that she fell at once into those dreadful hysterical fainting-fits that kept her friends busy about her for many hours. A sad time it seemed to Nellie, before her mother had recovered sufficiently to inquire for her, and then she seemed only first to recognize the loss she had sustained, when her mother strained her to her heart, and said, "My child, my poor, poor child." * * * *

Heavily passed those dark, mourning days to Nellie Wilson. The coming and going of strange, still faces in the house—the stiff, dark garments with which crushed hearts were covered—the funeral with its long array of friends, and, afterwards, the sudden disappearance of those friends, each secretly glad that no bond of relationship rendered them responsible for the welfare of the penniless widow. But these things were not all that passed before the vision of Nellie Wilson in those sad days. A few weeks, and the pleasant home where she had always lived, was gone. These things had all gone by so rapidly; that they seemed a dream to Nellie. But no,

it was not a dream. Her dear kind father would never have left them in the stifled alley where they now lived, if he had been alive. Yet it was not a wise kindness that prompted her father to spend all he had upon their present gratification, without laying by any thing for the dark days that are so apt to come over us all. No parent does right by their family when they do this. A little present self-denial is far better than the chance of future misery to the helpless little ones.

Nellie went to school again, but in a different quarter of the city, and she had to use herself to strange companions—children of a much rougher nature than those to whom she had been accustomed. She was a gentle, loving child, and it was very hard for her to bear the rough brutality with which she was so often brought in contact.

"What do you wear that shiny red thing round your neck for?" said a great, rough boy, running after as she went home one night, and snatching at the handsome chain of coral on her neck. A dark red mark was left across the child's throat, the string was broken, and the bright corals slid down her bosom, and over her dress to the ground. The boy sprang to Nellie's side to pick them up for himself, but some one cried, "for shame," and he went off satisfied with the three or four

which he had secured, and which he dropped by the side of his dirty marbles to the bottom of his pocket.

A long hour Nellie spent that night, in stringing them again, with the tears falling silently over her work; for she would not complain aloud when she knew her mamma had so much harder trials to bear. When the work was done, she locked them into a little box where she had always kept her child's treasures.

"Are you going to leave them off my dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mamma," said Nellie, going to her mother, and passing her arm round her neck. "Nobody else wears such things at our school,—perhaps they don't look well with these clothes." Her mother did not answer, and Nellie was silent for a while. Then she said, "I told uncle George, when he gave them to me, that I would wear them always, but I don't think he would wish me to wear them now."

"No, dear, I think you are right," said her mother, in a low voice.

After a little while Nellie said again, "Mamma, I wish I need not go to school. I could help you here at home, and ——— those boys are so bad."

"I know, love," said her mother, "but you can help me more by and by—it will be more necessary;" and she pressed her hand involuntarily to her side. "You must learn

all you can now that you are too young to work, and try to be patient even if you do find some things hard to bear."

"Yes, mamma, I will," said Nellie, choking back the tears. * * *

When the winter came, there were still darker days for Nellie and her mother. Nellie could not go to school for she had not sufficient clothing, and, besides, her mother needed her during the short days, so that her own time should not be taken from the sewing with which she strove to earn enough for their wants. But at last, Mrs. Wilson was taken sick, and when night came, she was delirious, and Nellie took care of her all through the long, cold night. The frightened child did not know what it meant, but her mother did not answer her questions, and talked strangely about lying down in the cold, cold snow, or about the ice-water in the bay. When the day broke, the little girl thought she must go for some one, but she came back from the door for she did not know who she could call. Presently her mother woke, and seemed better, and what a load was removed from Nellie's heart when her mother knew her, and talked sanely again. That morning she took the last piece of money she had in the world, and sent Nellie to buy some medicine, bread and coal.

"Let me go for a doctor," whispered Nellie.

"No, Nellie," said her mother, raising her hand to her head, as if it pained her, "I know what to do about as well as a doctor. What I need is a nurse, and my little daughter is a good nurse for me."

During the day, Mrs. Wilson tried to sew in her bed, but it was too much for her, and at night she was worse again. And after a little, Nellie found that there was neither food nor money in the house. It was a very trying place for a timid little child like Nellie Wilson; but what do you think she did? She thought long what to do, and then went and sold her little coral necklace. The tears were in her eyes when she did it, both from the fear she had of the pawn-brokers, and the sorrow at parting with her uncle George's gift, for he was her mother's only brother, and he had gone over the sea three years before, and no word had come from him since.

Mrs. Wilson was too sick to know what her daughter had done, and the money from the necklace was soon gone, for they did not give the little girl nearly what it was worth.

On a very cold November morning, Nellie woke from her short sleep, to wonder once more, what she should do. There was neither bread, nor coal, nor money in the house. She brought out the coal-

box, and tried to make a fire from the handful of cinders in the bottom, and the embers of the last night; but it would not burn. "It is no use," said her mother sadly, from the bed, and Nellie looked up and saw that she had waked, and was conscious. For a moment her heart bounded with joy, and then it sank back again, for she thought of the trouble to which her mother had roused herself. While she stood there looking at her, with her black, coal-stained hands held away from her dress, there came a heavy, double rap at the door. Nellie started and held her breath for a moment, wondering who could come there, but the next she obeyed her mother's glance, and opened the door. There stood a great, stout man in the door-way, with a shaggy beard all over his face, nearly, and the snow on his hat and great coat. "What in the world," he began, while Nellie shrunk back with fright. But the first glance over the room stopped him in whatever he was going to say, and walking straight up to the bed, where her mother was lying, he grasped her hand tightly in his own, and — really, the tall, stout man was crying. Nellie could see the tears upon his face. Her mother tried to speak but could not. She was weeping too; and Nellie could only look from one to the other in wonder.

"Here," said the man to Nellie, wiping off the tears, and holding out to her a handful of money, "run, and get some coal—you will all freeze in this cold room. No, I'll go myself." And he was down the stairs again in a moment.

"Who is it, mamma?" said Nellie, darting to the bed.

"Uncle George," said her mother, her voice choked with thankful tears. And Nellie buried her face in her hands, and wept too for very joy.

A pretty sight her face was, between coal-dust and tears, when uncle George came back, bringing sunshine and comfort with him; but she soon made it clean, to receive the kisses he could stop to give her now. Uncle George had been digging gold in California, and had come back with plenty of it. A hard search he had to find his sister, but he kept it up night and day; and now she was found.

Nellie and her mother are still living with her kind bachelor-uncle, in one of the nicest country places in New York, and they are very happy. Nellie wears her coral necklace always, for uncle George bought it back for her. And she is always kind to children that are poorer than she.

H. E. A.

WHY is a man with a bad memory, covetous? Because he is for-getting.

AMBER FISHING AND GATHERING.

—THE amber fishing is generally carried on after a storm. Men wade out into the sea, provided with open-mouthed nets; they gather the seaweed which floats upon the water; they bring it to shore and spread it out on the sands; and then women and children carefully turn over the weed, and pick out bits of amber therefrom. Sometimes the men go out further from land, and scrape up bits of amber from the sea bottom; being clothed in dresses of leather, they care not about the ducking; but they are sometimes in danger from the violence of the waves. Besides the amber mining and the amber fishing, there is a third method, which may be called amber gathering, more dangerous than either of the other two; the men arm themselves with iron hooks attached to two long poles, and go in boats to explore the precipitous cliffs of the coast; these they carefully examine by detaching loose masses with their hooks; but it happens not unfrequently, that the boats are dashed against the cliffs, or that large masses of loose rubble fall upon them, and maim or even kill the men. The King of Prussia contrives to obtain a little revenue of from ten to twenty thousand dollars annually from the amber which is found on his shores.—*Dickens' "Household Words."*

Why is a man with
a bad memory covetous



THE BLUE JAY.

AUDUBON tells us that this egg-thief plunders every nest he finds, feeds on the eggs, and, like the crow, devours the little ones. He attacks the weak, is afraid of the strong, and flies even before his fellows. The cardinal grossbeak defies and beats him; the red thrush, the mocking-bird, and others weaker than himself, do not let him approach their nests, and he only glides there when they are absent, to devour every thing. Audubon says he followed one who made his rounds from nest to nest as regularly and quietly as a physician visiting his patients. On the other hand, he was a witness of his anguish,

when on his return he found his mate in the jaws of a snake, his own nest destroyed, and his eggs eaten up. He says that twenty blue jays which he purchased at Louisville, and was shipping at New Orleans, for the purpose of peopling the English woods with them, were taken in common traps, baited with Indian corn, and brought in one by one as they were captured. On putting them in the cage prepared for their transportation, he was astonished at the cowardice of each as he was introduced among his brethren, who, after a few days of captivity, had become as gay and frolicksome as when enjoying the

Patrick Carmody
Nov 1 1857

freedom of the forests. The new comer rushed into the darkest corner of his prison; his head became stupid and assumed a vertical position, and he remained motionless. But on the next day, every thing had changed; the captive was again the impudent bird, attacking the corn he held between his claws, hammering it with his beak, plucking out the grains, and throwing aside the divided shell. When the cage was once full, it was amusing to hear these birds, perched along the stick, each striking his kernel of corn, as busy at their work, and as regular in their blows as a blacksmith at his anvil. They eat nuts, chestnuts, acorns, dry fruit — almost any thing. But they prefer fresh beef, and fowl is the greatest delicacy to them. They perched tranquilly side by side, but at the first cry of alarm, uttered without a cause, the terrified band flew round the cage, and all seemed as frightened as if the most terrible enemy had been introduced among them. They supported the passage wonderfully well, and reached Liverpool in good condition; but a few days afterward they were attacked by a malady, caused by insects, which adhered to all parts of their bodies, and they died one after another. One alone survived, and reached London so covered with insects, that the naturalist thought he could only get rid of them by employing a tobacco bath, which killed the bird instantly. Even during their migration, the jays do not fly great distances at once, and in their pauses, they minutely examine woods, fields, orchards and gardens, where it is easy to trace these loquacious pilferers, except when a hawk cleaves the air; then the entire flock is silent at once, and gliding into the thickest part of a wood, they remain mute and hidden. The form of the jay is like that of the crow, with the exception of a shorter beak. There is a European species, which is entirely black. They are lively, petulant, and rapid in their movements, exceedingly noisy, and have a faculty of imitating harsh sounds. They are not readily domesticated, and even when tame they injure their plumage by dashing themselves against the bars of their cage in their restlessness. Whenever a bird of prey appears, they utter piercing cries in a high key, which give the alarm to all the feathered fraternity. Owls are their deadly enemy. Whenever a sportsman appears, they utter the same cries, and alarm the whole woods. When tamed they can like crows, be taught to repeat certain words, and imitate the filing of a saw, etc. They indulge no familiarity with man, and discover all that shyness so natural to thieves.— *Ballou's Pictorial.*



THE MOON FLOWER.

HERE is the flower we promised you last month. The copy was taken from a dried specimen, for it is a flower of the far west. The following account of it, was furnished us by the friend who was so kind as to send the drawing of this singular flower.—Ed.

It was sent in a letter to our little Elise, by an uncle, who went to Oregon three years ago. He did not take the toilsome journey, as many did, for sordid gain; but that he might revel in the beauties of Nature; and when he wrote to

Elise, he always told her of something beautiful he had seen. Once, as I have told you, he sent her this flower, and he wrote:

“I plucked it about fifteen miles north of the South Fork of the Platte, (get your maps, children; you know he was crossing the plains to Oregon, and you can find the place.) We camped one night, the sun about an hour high, on a barren and desolate-looking spot. After supper, I went out of the tent; the moon was shining brightly, and hundreds of delicate white flowers

had opened their petals, and turned their faces to the moon, as the sunflower does to the sun. So, not knowing a name for them, I called them 'Moon Flower'—they were very fragrant."

There is a drawing, children, of the flower, its natural size, and as perfect as we could make it from the dried specimen, which Elise prizes so highly. You who understand botany, will see it has one pistil, eight stamens, four petals, and that the calyx is three parted. Its petals are pearl white, and as thin as gauze, as I have intimated. I think the ground must have looked as though it was covered with pure snow flakes; the flower stem so short, and springing immediately from the ground, and the green leaves so small.

But I must tell you of one thing that makes Elise sad now, every time she looks at the moon flower. The dear uncle who sent it to her, never returned; but he lies, taking his last repose on an oak-crowned hill, that rises from Umqua Valley in Oregon. One friend,—a loved brother, followed him to his grave; and among the few strangers who formed the procession, were two little girls, the only females who climbed the ascent, to see him laid in his last resting place. I have often thought, if he was permitted to know that those two little girls

thus honored a stranger, in such a stormy day as he was laid in his narrow bed, his spirit of love would lead him to ask that he might be their guardian angel through the stormy wilderness, from which he had just escaped.

HESPER.

"ALWAYS A GOOD BOY."

WHEN Washington arrived at Fredericksburg, Va., where his mother resided, on his return from Yorktown, in October, 1781, the people came in crowds to greet him; but his mother, though proud of her son, was unmoved by the honors paid to him. When the triumphal procession entered the town, she was preparing yarn for the weaving of cloth for her servants, and was thus occupied when her honored son entered the house.

"I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably," were her first words; and during the whole interview not a word was said by either of his glorious achievements. The next day she was visited by Lafayette, who spoke to her in glowing language, of the greatness of her son. Her simple and memorable reply was, "I am not surprised, *for George was always a good boy.*"

Idleness is the gate of all harms.



HAY-MAKING

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

Frolic and shout—frolic and shout,
 Tossing the fragrant hay about,
 In the clover up to the knees,
 Where are the hours so gay as these?
 The wasted flowers shall weave a crown,
 For the sickle waves, and the grass comes down.

Frolic and shout—frolic and shout,
 Tossing the clover brown about,
 Gleams in the sun our flashing steel;—
 Laughter ringeth its gayest peal;—
 What care we for the flaunting town,
 When the sickle waves and the grass comes down?

Frolic and shout—frolic and shout,
 Heap the load for the oxen stout,
 Health and labor, frolic and fun,
 Few the turns till our task is done;
 Wreath the ricks with a flowery crown,
 For all over the field the grass is down.

SCRIPTURE SKETCH. NO. 11.

BY AUNT MARY.



DEAR children; again I have come to tell you about Abram. You will recollect that Lot chose the beautiful plain of Jordan, for his home. In those days it seems there were many of what we would call petty kings, who ruled over small sections of the country. And it seems that they were often at war with each other. Now, the king of Sodom, where Lot lived, together with four more kings, made war with four other kings. But the king of Sodom was defeated, and his people fled to the mountain. The conquerers sacked the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and carried Lot away captive, and all his property. There was one who escaped, who came and told Abram what had happened to Lot. Then Abram armed his three hundred and eighteen trained servants, and pursued after them, and defeated them, and brought back Lot with his property, and also the goods of the people of the city. The king of Sodom went out to meet them in the vale of Shaveck. He said to Abram, "Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself." But Abram said that he had made a solemn oath to God, not to take the least thing that belonged to the king of Sodom, lest he should say, "I have made Abram rich."

After this, there came a vision from God, promising Abram protection and reward; and taking him out into the air, and telling him to count the stars, if he were able. And the angel told him that in like manner, his seed should be countless, on account of their numbers.

After a time, he removed from Mamre to Gerar, and there God gave him a son. He called his name Isaac. Now how old do you think Abram was at this time? He was a hundred years old; a very great age surely, when compared to the age that mankind live now-a-days; but if you will take your Bibles, you will see that the patriarchs in the early ages of the world lived to what we would call a very great age, for you know with us but few live to ninety years; while those we would call the pioneers of the world reckoned their age by hundreds.

In a few years, I suppose that God wished to try Abram's faith and obedience, for he told him to take

his son, even his only son Isaac, and go to the land of Moriah, and offer him for a burnt-offering, upon a mountain which he would shew him. Now, the place was three days journey away; and the next morning after he had received the command, he rose very early "and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men and Isaac his son, and cut the wood for a burnt-offering, and went to the place which God had told him." When he saw the mountain, he left his ass and the two young men, and gave the wood for the offering to his son, took the knife and the fire; then they both went to the mountain together. When they arrived at the place, Isaac said to his father, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" And Abram said, "my son, God will provide a lamb for an offering." Abram built an altar and laid the wood in order, then he bound Isaac, his dear son, laid him upon the altar, and took his knife to slay him. But the angel of the Lord called to him from Heaven, and said, "lay not thy hand upon this lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine *only* son from me." Abram looked behind him, and saw a sheep caught in a thicket, by its horns. This he took, and offered him in sacrifice, instead

of his son. He called the name of the place Jehovah Jireh, which means, God will provide. In those days, and until the time of Christ, people used to make offerings to God of bullocks, lambs, doves, pigeons, etc.; but our Saviour's blood was shed for us, so that such sacrifices are no more necessary.

God promised very great blessings to Abram, because he did not withhold from him the dearest treasure he possessed on earth; for when he commanded him, he was ready to give up his *only* son. Abram returned to the place where he had left his servants, and they returned to their homes.

In a few years Abraham was called to the affliction of parting with Sarah, the wife of his early youth, and of his old age. He must, indeed, have felt lonely, when he had laid in the grave one who had been his constant companion for such a great number of years.

Now, my dear little friends, I have told you a good deal about Abram, and I hope that you have found it interesting. I shall defer the rest until another time, when, perhaps, I may tell you more about it.

MRS. HOLLYHOCK thinks it "rather queer" that the rising of a little quicksilver in a glass tube, should make the weather so awful hot.

PHEBE JOHN.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"PHEBE'S lost! My boy is lost! echoed and re-echoed through the darkness, one sultry night in summer, when I was a child; and though I could not comprehend the agony that expression contained, it thrilled through my little heart, for Phebe was my playmate, and "lost" contained all that my imagination could conjure of the terrible. Every neighbor in the village was trying to peer into the night, vainly hoping to catch a glimpse of the little fellow, whose life was dear to us all, and so very precious to his lonely father; but no answer came to their calls, save the sullen thunder, and the mocking echoes.

The river and the woods were searched, and no trace found of the missing child. At length, the father too, was gone, and all began to fear that he had lost his life in his frantic search for the boy, in the river; but about midnight, the loud cheering cry of "found! found!" startled us from our childish stupor of fear, and we hastened toward the sound, to find the father, with his son closely locked in his arms; and rocking backward and forward on the ground, whispering with an unearthly distinctness, "Phebe's

found; I've got Phebe!" How we all wept for gladness, I may not tell you, for this is a true story; if it was fiction, I would paint it; but I must tell it as my childish heart felt it to be *then*.

It seems the boy had fallen from a tree, and though but slightly injured, had dropped into a deep sleep, and his father's tears falling upon his brow, and his close clasp, first roused him to consciousness.

Phebe was a strange name for a boy, but it did not sound oddly to us; neither had any one of us a disposition to tease him, for we had all heard the sad reason why he bore it. Phebe's mother died when he was an infant, and his poor father called him, in his grief, by his mother's name, and his own,—Phebe John. His friends foresaw how disagreeable the name would be to him, when old enough to know it properly belonged to a girl; but no one had the heart to try to dissuade the sorrow-stricken man from paying this tribute to his dead wife.

The world would not have called the father a man of great abilities, but he was nobleness personified; and his heart held all the tender sensibilities of a woman's nature. He was both parents in one, to the

babe, washed, dressed, and fed him, and slept with the child, cradled in his arms.

Time, and the caresses of the pretty boy, soothed in a measure the grief which had fallen so crushingly upon him, and all his energies, all his plans, were for his darling boy. His first heartache had been at the time when he thought him lost; and in the wild delirium of a fear which followed, his constant cry was for his lost Phebe, as though there was an indistinct perception of the boy's future life. When the silver cord of life seemed almost loosed, the smile of the child quickened the pulses of his heart, and the warm health-blood came back again.

Years sped on, and the boy was almost a man. His life had never known a self-denial, for the great love his father bore him, had prompted a blind compliance with the child's every wish. At last, temptation came, and to gratify some selfish desire, he forgot his good father's teachings, and was again, and oh, so completely *lost*. Lost to honor, to the world, and to his more than father. The poor lad first coveted, and then took that which belonged to another; and his father, when forced to believe in his son's guilt, took up that same mournful cry, "Phebe's lost! Phebe's lost!" and now sometimes in shrieks, then

in sad whispers, come that dismal wail, through the grates of a mad-house, "Phebe's lost." It would be useless for me to tell you how or why he was tempted and fell, for it is my purpose only to impress upon the minds of my dear young friends, the fact that, *for your sins, you suffer not alone*. No one is so friendless, but that some heart will grow sadder over your fall. You have no right to drag others to any level, to which you may permit yourselves to sink.

Poor Phebe will have to bear his own great sin, and the consciousness of a worse than death, of the father, who would have died to save him, upon his young heart. What a burden for him to bear through life. He will feel like a blighted thing, even should he be again free from a felon's home.

Think you, had he been really lost when a little boy, and his pale, dead face, and dripping locks greeted his father, there could have been found no comfort in the thought, that Phebe had but just gone to his mother? but now, ah now!

We can only hope, that in the "better land," the glad father may again exclaim, "Phebe's found!"

DOING AS WE PLEASE.—No one has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

LESSONS IN DRAWING. III.



IN the March number of the CASKET we gave some outline-copies for beginners in drawing, with the necessary instructions for copying them. This class of lessons should be continued, until the pupil can use his pencil skillfully, and can make correct representations of the objects he undertakes. When you have drawn the bowl, or cup (Figures 1st and 2nd.) follow the lesson by copying from any similar object which you find about you — a tumbler, a wine-glass, or a saucer. When you place these objects before you, for the purpose of copying, notice the shadows they form, and how they vary in different positions. In order to make the shadows distinct, the object should be placed in a strong light. Draw a pencil, or a pen, with the object placed before you. Then try a hammer, looking well at the copy before commencing, that you may judge how much longer the handle is than the hammer. When this is done, copy a hatchet in the same way. Then gather a variety of leaves — this is just the season for doing this — and

copy them; first the outline, and afterward filling them in with the fibres. Be patient and neat in this kind of work, and you will be fully repaid for your efforts.

Then draw a pump from nature, taking, of course, only the outside lines of each part, but studying each part very thoroughly before you begin, in order to see how they compare with each other in length, etc. If you tire of this copy before you have repeated often enough to satisfy you of its correctness, leave it, and repeat some of your other copies from memory. Then try another copy of the pump. Copy the profile of a face, the upper part first, several times, then the lower. Copy a plum or an apple, with a few lines of shading where you find the shadow falls. Then draw a potato, a carrot, or a turnip, from nature. A spade or a hearth-brush are good copies, if placed so as not to need perspective. Now, we wonder if any of our little pupils understand what perspective means. It is quite important you should understand it, before you proceed much further in your lessons in drawing. You all know, that in looking down a long street, the objects grow smaller and smaller as the distance increases. Well, *this comparative*

difference which distance makes in the apparent size of objects, is called perspective.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame.
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat,
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life, [sings :
Broods in the grass while her husband
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering food for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be,
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

—Putnam's Magazine for June.

TWILIGHT TALKS FOR CHILDREN.

FROM ARTHUR'S GAZETTE.—BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

DO you know what an astronomer is?

Astra is a Latin word, which means, stars; and astronomers are men who make it their business to study the stars, and to find out all they can about them.

During the long nights, while we are sleeping quietly in our beds, these astronomers sit looking through telescopes and other instruments, and doing terribly hard sums, from the time the evening stars first peep out until the broad flood of daylight drowns them.

They are the postmen who bring us news of our brother and sister worlds that float with us round the sun, and those other far-off suns—or stars, as we call them—which, if we like, we may think of as uncles to our little earth, and fathers to heaps of cousins whom we shall never see, nor know, so long as we live.

It is very nice to have a whole family of brothers and sisters. Do you not think so?

Even if some of them live so far off, or are so small that we can only see them through a telescope, still it is pleasant to think of them, and to believe that they are all well off, comfortable, and happy in their own way.

When, on a clear evening, you look up into the space above and around you, you see it crowded with thousands of stars; and if the earth on which you stand were transparent like the air, you would see as many stars beneath your feet as over your head. Almost all of them are true stars—that is, suns, shining with their own light, far, far away; but a few, a very few, of them belong to our own family of worlds. They are much nearer to us and although they only shine with the reflected sunlight, just as our own earth and moon do, they yet look so bright, and so exactly like the stars, that it is impossible, without a proper spy-glass, to tell them apart.

Astronomers call these worlds planets, from a Greek word which means to wander, because they wander or move round the sun; and have also given each of them a name of its own, in order to distinguish them from one another. They all move round the sun in the same direction with our earth, but two of them are nearer to the sun than we, and the rest are farther off.

Mercury is the name of the little planet which is nearest to the sun. It would take sixteen Mercuries to

make a world as large as ours; still, I dare say the people there find it quite big enough, and like it very much. They have a day and night about as long as ours, but their year lasts only for three or four months, so that a little girl ten years of age in our world would be called forty there. We do not know much about the planet Mercury, because it is so near the sun that we are only able to see it sometimes, for a short time, just before sunrise.

Next beyond Mercury comes Venus. Venus is twice as far from the sun as Mercury is, but nearer to us than either of the other planets; and, as it is nearly equal in size to our earth, it appears like a very large, bright, and beautiful star; not so bright, however, as we must look to the good people there, because, since the path of Venus lies between us and the sun, she changes like a little moon, and a large part of her night side is often turned toward us, while we present her with the whole, or nearly the whole of our broad daylight face. *To be concluded.*

RUDENESS AND GENTLENESS.

IN a certain town there are two boys of nearly the same age, each the oldest of a family of children; but as opposite in dispositions as you can easily conceive. Sam-

uel is the tyrant of his family. His little brothers and sisters always run when they see him coming, and hide their playthings as quickly as possible when they hear his noisy and lawless footsteps. If he passes them by without pinching their ears, or pulling their hair, or breaking their playthings, they think themselves fortunate. He insists that, as he is the oldest, he *must* be obeyed; and so he often obliges them to do little favors for himself which he has really no right to demand. Is it strange that none of the children love him?

Addin, on the other hand, is a very different boy. He, too, is the oldest of his brothers and sisters, but he never thought this a reason for making them fear him, like so many slaves. He is always welcomed with delight to their little circle, for he directs and assists them in their sports, and often denies himself the pleasure of playing with his older associates, for their sakes. All their little doubts and disputes are carried to him for settlement, and no one is so ready as he to help them out of difficulty. Is it strange that they love their older brother, and are proud of him, and always ready to do him a favor when it is in their power? — *Selected.*

THE credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.



YOU will see dear children, by a look at the chronological record, that it is quite too warm this month for many events to happen; so it will not be strange if we happen to have but little to say.

Last month, however, there was something happened to the CASKET, which we were very sorry to see, which, perhaps, we may say had a tendency to disturb the perfect coolness we ought to preserve in such weather as this. In the very number where we were boasting our uprightness in giving credit for all selected articles, there were two or three excellent little fragments which we had cut from other papers, and not a word of credit was given. We did not like to have our boasted virtues thrown to the wind by the printers, in this way. We did not like to give others such a decided apology for borrowing from the CASKET without credit, as they seem determined to do. But we can tell you how it all happened. The hand which has always been chief mover in the printing

of the CASKET, was broken at the shoulder, and with cousin Thinker's shoulder broken, who could *think* what was to be done. The mistake we have mentioned, was the

result of having strange hands to supply the place of the broken one. Cousin Crystalline, we presume, found her *Fish Story* singularly unnaturalized. We hope she does not incline to the Native American Party. There was talk too, of some insects with which our researches in Natural History have not made us acquainted, and other curious things. But we believe it is a sworn thing, that an editor shall not complain of the manner in which the printers choose to serve up his intellectual feasts. An editor is like one who works in the dark, and never knows how his work will appear until it is presented to him, in common with the rest of the world, fresh from the hands of the printer. Perhaps he is the editor of a daily paper, and goes calmly to his late repose, when his labor is done, only to wake in the morning after his subscribers have been served, and find that the whole town or country have been electrified by some saying of his, which it was never in his head or heart to say. But editors are supposed to be models of patience, and can keep cool when the weather and other people can not.

How it has been raining during the latter part of the month, just passed. We really thought at one time, that Lake Erie had got up over head, and was emptying its contents upon us.

IRWIN SHEPHERD of Marcellus, Onondaga County, is the winner of the Prize Melodeon. The number of subscribers obtained, was one hundred and six. Another person sent in one hundred and one names, but besides these two, the competitors tired very soon. Don't you believe it would have been worth your while to have tried harder, little friends? Well, as soon as this sultry weather is over, we shall come out with a new list of premiums for the coming year, and then there's a chance for you.

Here is a letter we received from one of our subscribers in Jacksonville, Ill.

DEAR MADAM:—It seems rather bold for a little boy, to write to you; but as I have been getting some new subscribers for the CASKET, I thought you might like to know something of the place where some of your readers live. I wish you could see our beautiful town just now, and you would not wonder that we all love our homes. The fine, rolling prairie is covered with pretty houses, and still prettier trees, which almost hide the town.

All the State Institutions are here, except the Penitentiary, and that we can do without. The Asylum for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the insane, are all beautifully situated, at a little distance from the town, and in different directions. And we love to visit them, and see how much may be done to make the unfortunate happy.

Illinois College is here too, and the Methodist Female College. The Campbellites are establishing their "Berean College" here. There is also a flourishing Female Seminary, under the care of the Presbyterians, besides a host of other schools. Our place is often called the "Athens of Illinois;" and if you should spend commencement week here, you might think it was quite right to call it so.

Perhaps some of your readers in the Empire State, may think Jacksonville, Ill., is at "the West;" but if they were here, they would find themselves mistaken. We have to travel one hundred

miles, or more, before we get to the place where they start for the West. We do not live at the East, it is true; but our maps show us that we are very near the center of our great republic. L. B. G.

It is a very pleasant picnic we get up every month among our subscribers, when each of you come with your own basket to receive what the CASKET *has dished up* for you. But next year we mean to have a larger party. Now we wish every little subscriber that we have, would think of some young friend, or relative, to whom he or she would like to make a present, and when you have thought of them, send their names to us. We will send each one a specimen copy of the CASKET, and in this way, perhaps, you can do them a favor with very little trouble.

And now little friends we must bid you good-by for a time. We are going down to take a dip in the salt sea, before we call on you again, and expect to come up fresh from the waters, with whatever pearls Neptune will vouchsafe to furnish us for our CASKET.

GASTON & JOHNSON have issued "*A new map of our country*," which is just the thing needed in every family, and every school in the Union. It is about six feet square, finely finished, colored and mounted, and gives a complete view of the United States as it now is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with every county separately colored, and a table of the counties, with their county-towns and population. It gives also a clear and distinct view of the British provinces, with their counties,—of Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies, together with a map of the Sandwich Islands, and a map of the World in the ocean corner. Taken for all in all, we think it much in advance of any map we have seen.

The following is from a subscriber in Ohio:

"The weather, for a few days past, has been wet and gloomy, but in the midst of the gloom, your ever welcome CASKET has reached us; and when we could not be

occupied out doors, on account of the rain, we found amusement in perusing its pages. The June number of the CASKET is more interesting than ever. I would like to know whether the story entitled the "Errand Boy," is fiction or not."

C. N. P.

NUTS TO CRACK.



ENIGMA NO. XVIII.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 16, 14, 18, is a metal. My 5, 6, 7, 3, 17, is a hard substance. My 6, 4, 18, is a number. My 13, 14, 16, 6, 10, 17, is a girl's nickname. My 1, 10, 16, 15, 17, 18, 19, is something that we wear in winter. My 1, 10, 11, 12, is what some people are. My 1, 2, is a pronoun. My 8, 11, 2, is an insect. My 9, 10, 11, 11, 14, 17, is a boy's nickname. My whole is the title of a very interesting story in the YOUTH'S CASKET.

E. M. E.

CHARADE NO. VIII.

I am composed of three syllables. My first is often used in devotion. My second is a remnant of cloth in peculiar circumstances. My third, with a letter added, is what sailors are apt to look out for. My

whole is the title of a man, whose death has just been announced to the world.

H.

CHARADE NO. IX.

I am composed of two syllables. My first is, in sound, a bitter plant. My second is, in sound, what nervous people are apt to do. My whole is the name of an ancient king of England.

ANAGRAMS.

Hat Sam.

Drive less pope.

CONUNDRUMS NO. I.

Why is a boy climbing over a wood-pile, like Sharon?

Why is a man who drives his own produce to market, like the tail of a little dog that is waiting for his dinner?

ANSWERS.

ENIGMA NO. XV.—Constantinople.

Answered by H. L. H., M. A. and J. Oliver, S. H. Runcie, J. Ludenbacker, D. M. Heath, E. M. Fairall, and M. E. Gay.

ENIGMA NO. XVI.—Falls of Montmorenci. Answered by M. A. and J. Oliver.

ENIGMA NO. XVII.—A total eclipse of the sun.

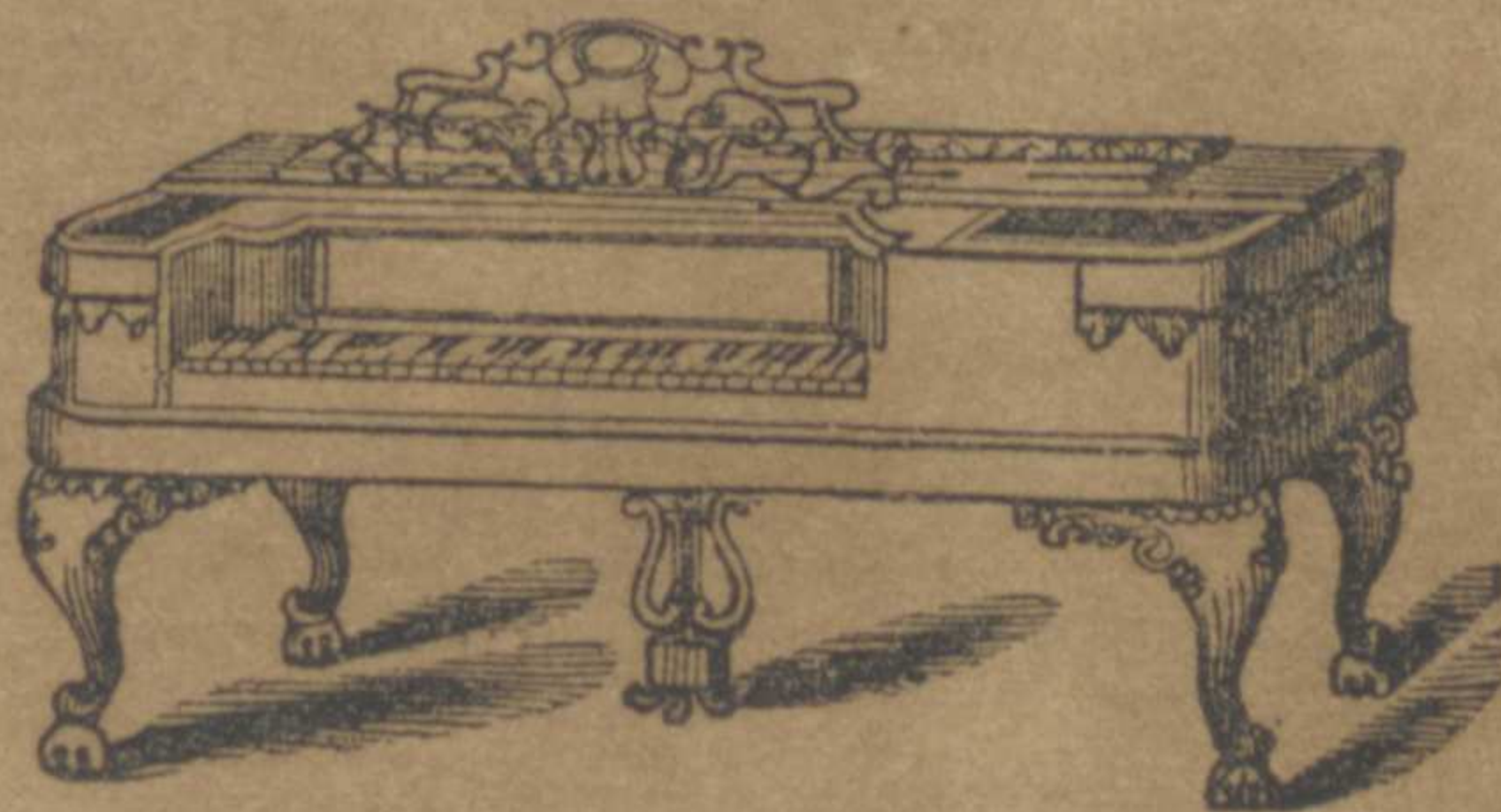
RIDDLE NO. V.—The Moon.

CHARADE NO. VII.—Badinage.

J. SAGE & SONS,

PUBLISHERS OF SHEET MUSIC

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN



PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS, ETC.

FROM THE BEST MANUFACTORIES IN THE UNION

Manufacturers of Sage & Sons' celebrated American Guitars,
warranted equal in all, and in many respects superior to any Instruments of the kind in use.

SOLE DEALERS IN

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO'S CELEBRATED PIANOS

Mr. JAS. A. GRAY, of this firm, has made more real improvements, and the firm are in possession of more valuable patents, secrets, patterns, etc., than any other person or house in the United States. Prominent among these are the

DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT,

Invented by Mr. Gray in 1848, and which is now considered as indispensable to a perfect Piano Forte as the soft pedal has been heretofore. By it, a soft and at the same time clear and bell-like tone is produced, which can not be attained by any other Piano Forte. Those who can not obtain them for sale, have at last become convinced that it is useless to class them with other worthless attachments, while any one can satisfy themselves of their efficacy and durability by a moment's examination, have now changed their tactics, and attempt to deceive the public into the belief that all their Pianos have the attachment, and represent the soft pedal as having the same effect. Intelligent persons can not be deceived.

The Corrugated Sounding-Board,

Just patented by Mr. Jas. A. Gray, is also destined to work a complete revolution in Piano Forte making, as its peculiar form gives firmness and stability without cross-bracing, as in the ordinary sounding-boards of Pianos, and can not warp out of place, or crack from exposure to heat or dampness.

It adds more than one half more to the surface of the sounding-board, thereby greatly increasing its power, while it gives an independence to the notes equal to that of a Grand Piano.

From this, it will be seen that Boardman, Gray & Co.'s Piano Fortes are capable of a greater variety of tone than any other makers can attain, and it is not surprising that wherever they become known, they so far surpass all others in popularity. Their facilities for making perfect work is such that B., G. & Co. are enabled to furnish their instruments, with all the improvements, at the same, or in some instances less prices than any other good makers.

Sole wholesale and retail agents for Carhart, Needham & Co.'s celebrated

MELODEONS,

Universally acknowledged to be the best Reed Instruments in use.

SAGE & SONS' AMERICAN GUITARS are warranted to stand in any climate, and the opinions of many of the best amateurs and professors class them as superior to the best Spanish instruments.

JOHN SAGE.

HENRY H. SAGE.

JNO. B. SAGE.

WM. S. SAGE.

WANZER, McKIM & CO.

(Successors to O. G. Steele & Co. and Miller, Orton & Mulligan.)

Publishers, Blank Book Manufacturers

AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND BOOKBINDERS' STOCK, No. 206 MAIN STREET, . . BUFFALO.

HAVING enlarged and refitted the old stand of O. G. STEELE & Co., the undersigned would respectfully invite attention to the extensive and complete stock of goods they have now open and are continually receiving, embracing every description of

School, Theological, Law, Standard and Miscellaneous BOOKS.

BLANK BOOKS of all sizes, custom made, on hand, and particular patterns made to order.

PRINTING, BOOKBINDING, and RE-BINDING old Books, Music, Magazines, &c., promptly executed.

A superior stock of

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN FANCY AND STAPLE STATIONERY.

Comprising the best qualities of *English Stationery*, which has been carefully selected expressly for *Ladies, Schools, Hotels, Steamboats, and Mercantile purposes.*

A choice selection of **ENGLISH BOOKS**, embracing the series of *Bohn's Books*, and other Standard Editions for Libraries, &c., and rare works imported direct to order.

Particular attention given to furnishing Libraries and Schools.

THE

WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT

Contains the largest and best assortment of Books and Stationery ever offered in this city; and by special arrangements we are enabled to keep on hand a supply, and furnish

New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Auburn Publications

At the *Publishers' Prices*, and New Books as soon as issued.

PAYSON & DUNTON'S PENMANSHIP,

A most complete system of instruction, by Practical Teachers, with *copies at the head of every page*, in a style exactly resembling those set by the authors with a pen. This system of Penmanship aims to teach one thing at a time, and that thoroughly; leading the pupil in gradual progression through the elements, until he acquires a beautiful and easy, and, what is of still greater importance, a legible hand-writing. It gives practice on the capital letters and figures, both of which are usually too much neglected. It is believed that the merits of this system—its order and arrangement, the simplicity of its plan, the interspersion of figures and dates, and the style of the copies—will commend the series at once to the approval of experienced teachers. Teachers and School Committees furnished with specimen copies *gratis*.

BOOKBINDER'S STOCK for sale at New York prices.

Orders solicited and promptly answered.

R. M. WANZER,

WILLIAM W. McKIM,

O. G. STEELE.